

## The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

## SUNSHINE AND MIST.

An hour ago—but one short hour—  
The landscape lay all clear and bright,  
The hills, in majesty and power,  
Stood forth all bathed in radiant light;  
The woods near by—the grand old trees,  
That hid the shadows at their feet,  
Stood crowned with sunlight, as at ease,  
And glad once more the sun to greet.

One hour ago, all nature seemed  
Reflecting back the smile of God,  
The glory of His sunlight streamed  
On all anear and far abroad;  
It seemed as though to earth again  
Had come the beauty and the joy  
Of that brief Edenic reign,  
Ere sin its beauty did destroy.

A single hour, and what a change  
Has come, so sudden and complete,  
The eye no longer has a range  
Beyond a few and near-by feet!  
A dense gray mist has come between,  
And blotted every charm from sight;  
The outlook, which so bright had been,  
Lies shrouded in the gray of night.

And comes there not in all our lives  
Just some such darkened hour as this,  
When gloomy fear the soul deprives  
Of all that makes for rest and bliss?  
When God seems far, and all the hills  
Whence comes our strength are hid  
From sight,  
When gloomy fear usurping fills  
Our souls with darkness of the night?

But mists cannot endure for aye,  
They soon dissolve in drops of rain;  
The sunshine through them finds its way,  
The hills of God stand out again,  
The smile of God illumines all!  
How foolish now our fancies seem,  
As fades away the gloomy pall,  
Like some dissolving night-dream!  
—William G. Haeselbarth, in Christian Work.

## COLEBY'S GOOSE.

By C. Lauren Hooper.

It was an afternoon in June, and we boys were lounging on the banks of Coleby's pond. It was cool there in the shade, and we felt very comfortable as we watched old Coleby, the blacksmith, at work in his hot, grimy shop just across the sheet of water that bore his name, and which served as a sea for his stately fleet of geese.

Coleby was an honest old German. He owed no man a cent, and was careful that no man should long owe him one.

Just and exact in his dealings, he expected men to be just and exact with him. Nevertheless, he was unfortunate enough to have provoked the mirth of us boys, and, as we lay there in the shade that afternoon, we amused ourselves in a manner that pleased us highly, but sent him to the verge of distraction.

"Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!" we cried, with the rhythmic swing of the voice with which the charcoal-vender cries his wares through the streets. "Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!"

Coleby's goose—that is, the one of the flock that was celebrated in our monotonous song—had one day strayed from the rest as they plucked grass on the common by the pond, and was last seen, as one of the boys told Coleby, near an inverted yawl, raised a few feet from the ground by standards, and used as a hen-coop by a fisherman who lived in the vicinity.

Coleby mourned the loss of his goose, and suspected that some of his disreputable neighbors had taken her. Having failed to discover the fate of the fowl, he sallied forth one night to investigate. The first place he went to was the fisherman's.

Now, Coleby wouldn't really have gone into his neighbor's coop without just reason, but he had a right to his suspicions, so he only listened quietly outside, with his ear against the weather-beaten yawl.

Suddenly, Coleby heard the drowsy "honk" of a goose—such a "honk" as a homesick goose might make if she were dreaming of a voyage with the fleet on Coleby's pond.

Coleby well knew that the fisherman only had three chickens, two ducks and a drake, and not a goose to his name; so he concluded that the fowl within was his.

Stealthily entering the coop, he took the goose under his arm, but, unused to such treatment, the goose made such an outcry and fuss for freedom that the fisherman was aroused and hastened to the coop door, where he met Coleby, who had finally secured and quieted the frightened bird.

"Here, sir!" said the fisherman; "whose goose is that?"

"It ain't your goose already," said Coleby. "It's mine goose."

"What do you keep her in my coop for, then?" shouted the fisherman.

"Shame on you," said Coleby, "for stealing a poor goose—a poor goose vat was lost!"

"Steal it!" shouted the fisherman. "I steal your goose! What do you mean?"

"How did yer goose get in your coop if you didn't steal it?" Coleby asked, angrily.

And so the quarrel went on. The fisherman was enraged. He said he hadn't stolen the goose, and didn't even know it was in his coop.

Coleby would listen to no explanation, but went away triumphant, saying he would have the law on the fisherman, if any more of his geese were missing.

The next day the fisherman told it over the village that Coleby had been out raiding the coops, and had come for one of his ducks and chickens, but the goose already stolen made such a noise that it aroused him, and he

came upon the scene only to be accused of having stolen a goose that he knew had not been in his coop.

No honest fisherman, he said, would stand being duped like that, and it was perfectly plain that Coleby had stolen the goose somewhere and took that ingenious way of throwing the guilt on some one else.

In fact a goose happened to be missing from the flock of another neighbor and never was heard of after, so far as I know. Thus the joke was on poor Coleby.

So we lay there in the shade that summer afternoon, and with a persistence that never flagged, we sang in rhythmic monotone:

"Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose! Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!"

The anvil rang louder than ever and the sparks flew madly as Coleby's hammer beat down with fury. He became angrier each minute until at last, in a blind rage, he ran to the edge of the pond, brandishing in his hands a pair of tongs.

He swung them around his head and hurled them at us with the utmost strength of his brawny arm.

"Take that goose vunce!" he cried, and the tongs went straddling through the air and fell ker-chug right in the middle of the pond.

We boys really knew more about the history of that goose than any one suspected or we cared to tell.

Alf Waters had caught her in a fence corner and had imprisoned her in his father's unused stable, and all to hear what a fuss Coleby would make, for nothing enraged him so much as a depredation committed on his geese.

Three nights after having taken the goose, Alf tired of his sport, and taking her under his arm he carried her to Coleby's coop. Coleby's coop was locked. What could Alf do? He had no intention of keeping the goose, for he was one of the best fellows that ever lived.

"Now," thought Alf, "I will put poor goosey where she will be comfortable for the night, and in the morning she will go home herself."

The first place Alf thought of was the upturned boat the fisherman used for a coop, and in five minutes the goose was comfortably settled on the ground with the two ducks and drake, while the three chickens slept on the roost above.

There! Alf had done his duty, and it was just in time, for scarcely half an hour afterward Coleby and the fisherman met at the coop door, and each thought the other a thief.

The summer days were filled with the round of boyish pleasures, and, although I say it with regret, we boys frequently requested Coleby, in our most musical tones, to "bring back that goose." And Coleby himself became so angry at us that we would scarcely dare to go near his shop.

But there came an end to our teasing and his anger, and this was how it happened:

Coleby's pond is made by a dam built across Fall creek just half a mile above its union with the Ohio. The dam had been built a long time, and the mill that stood by it was out of repair. We boys used it for general amusement purposes and the fisherman kept his boats there.

Below the dam on the side next the old mill was a deep pool, in which we boys delighted to swim, and into which we used to dive from a long beam that stuck out over it. This beam lay on the floor of the mill, from one side and end of which the weatherboarding had been torn by destructive hands. From the beam's end dangled a rope which secured one of the fisherman's boats as it lay on the water below.

One afternoon Alf and I went down to the old mill to see the boys dive. We met Coleby's geese as we went across the common, and they hissed at us, for they liked us no better than did Coleby himself. We cared not a bit for that, so we went on to the pond.

Ed Sawyer, Sam Parker and Tom Rummel were to have a contest for the championship in diving, and were to take the plunge from the long beam.

When we arrived at the mill, there sat six or eight boys on the floor along the open side of the mill, with their feet dangling over the water that lay cool and deep six feet below. They were talking of the merits of the boys who were to dive. Each one had his champion, and was asserting how much he would distance his competitors in the contest.

"Rummel's going to win," said Bill Haines. "I saw him dive under a coal barge at New Albany last summer and come up on the other side, and I know Parker or Sawyer can't beat that."

"Sawyer can," put in Bob Wilkins, getting up and walking to the end of the beam to look out over the common, "and he'll soon show you that he can, for here he comes, and Parker is with him."

We all went to the open side of the mill and greeted the boys with cheers. Tom Rummel, too, was seen coming along by Coleby's shop.

The geese waddled along in the path before him, and in a spirit of fun he ran among them, scattering them right and left. He ran them about until the old gander rose into the air, followed by the whole flock.

They happened to fly toward us, and as their clipped wings could carry them no further, they lit by the mill only to receive a shower of stones, when they took to the water, one of them having been hit by a stone from Alf's hand.

The geese made such an outcry that Coleby came running from his shop, and would have punished Tom had been able to catch him.

Tom ran to the mill and joined us in singing, "Coleby, Coleby, bring back

that goose!" which he kept up until Coleby had done shaking his fist at us and had gone back into his shop. A few minutes later we were busily engaged in the diving contest.

The plan was for the three boys to stand together on the long beam and dive at the same time. Three dives were to be made, the boy remaining longest under water two times out of three to be declared winner.

If each boy won a dive, the contest was to be continued until one of them won two out of three.

To keep the beam from tipping when the boys, with Alf, who gave the signals, stood ready to dive, four or five of us stood on the other end and held it down.

Two dives had been made, Parker being winner in one and Rummel in the other, and very much excited, we stood waiting for the signal from Alf, who stood at the other end of the beam. The divers were poised for the leap, and we silently waited.

"One," said Alf, slowly and distinctly, "two, three—"

"Hold on dere—hold on dere!" exclaimed a familiar voice, in a warning tone.

And turning quickly we saw Coleby in the doorway at the front of the mill.

And, grasping her by the neck, he held up a dead goose.

It was the goose that Alf had put in the fisherman's coop—the very one he had struck a few moments before with the stone. It had fallen out of sight behind a bowlder when hit, and we did not notice that it did not swim away with the others.

"Vat you call dis?" thundered the enraged man, "vat you call dis? I'll show you how to kill my geese."

And he rushed at us with the fury of a madman.

At the very first sight of Coleby, Alf had wound his leg around the rope at the end of the beam and slid down to the fisherman's boat.

Coleby did not see him, but came at the rest of us, brandishing the goose as if he meant to destroy us with it.

As he swung it around his head, we jumped from the beam and scattered in all directions. But we had forgotten. The beam, being left unbalanced, upreared and plunged the three boys with itself into the water.

There it stood, leaning up against the mill, its lower end deep down on the bottom of the stream.

The splashing of the boys in the water, our outcries as we ran here and there to keep out of harm's way, and above all, Coleby's cry of "I'll show you how to kill my geese!" made an uproar that was highly amusing.

Suddenly there came a cry of "Help! help!" We stopped. Coleby stopped, too, and the goose hung down on the floor.

"Help! help!" came the cry from the boys in the water.

We ran to the end of the mill where the beam had lain. Rummel was diving down by it. Parker and Sawyer were swimming around, calling for help, shouting "Alf's drowning!" both too frightened to do anything.

There by the beam, sticking up out of the water, was the stern of the little boat, and by it Alf's hands were beating the water. Now he sank, now he rose, but his head did not rise above the water.

In an instant we saw it all. When the beam went down, Alf's leg was still wrapped around the rope, and it had carried him, boat and all down with it, and there he was, drowning before our very eyes.

"Quick—a knife!" I shouted, throwing off my clothes. An open pocket-knife was thrust into my hands. Holding it between my teeth, I plunged into the water.

Alf's leg was bound. I would cut the rope and save his life. But my mouth filled with water; I strangled and nearly lost my senses. I dived, seized the rope to cut it, but was so unnerved that I dropped the knife.

It was all up. Alf would drown. Already I saw him stretched out, pale and lifeless, his hair wet, his lips blue.

No, no; not so bad as that. While we quick-witted boys had exhausted our plans for a rescue, the slow old blacksmith was just beginning to act.

Slowly he took in the situation as he leaned against the upper end of the beam. Then he put his big hands against it and began to push. He pushed it out as far as he could reach, but that was not far enough. With all his massive strength, he pushed it again beyond the reach of his hands.

It stood upright for a moment, then fell forward with a great splash. It sank, it rose, and with it rose the little boat, half full of water, but in it was—Alf, strangling, half conscious, but saved.

One week from that day, five of us boys went over to see Colby. There were Ed Sawyer, Sam Parker, Tom Rummel, Alf Waters and I.

Alf carried a stuffed goose. It was the goose he had put in the fisherman's coop, and had finally killed. She looked as natural as if she were picking grass on the common, save that her eyes had a stare somewhat glassy, which was very natural for a stuffed goose.

I carried a pair of tongs. We had spent half a day in dragging the pond for them, and they were at last found, covered with mud. My sisters had gilded and covered them with ribbons until they were beautiful to behold.

The geese and the tongs were presented to Coleby awkwardly enough, forgetting all the fine speeches we had intended to make, but our sincerity was apparent when we confessed that we had done wrong, were sorry and wished to make a peace offering.

The strong man's pardon was given and his friendship won—Golden Days.

## WON HIS BET.

How a Natick Man Got a Word with the Prince of Wales by Accident.

An old story of the king. When—as prince of Wales—he visited America in 1859, it was inevitable that all good Americans should wish to have speech with him, says London M. A. P. Now, at a place called Natick, not many miles from Boston, there lived one Barnes, who kept a hotel. Barnes was a good-natured fellow with a bad stammer, and was the butt of the practical jokes of such wags as there were in Natick. On the eve of the big parade in Boston, he announced his intention of going to see the prince.

"Whatever for?" said one of his friends. "You won't get near him, and ten to one you won't so much as get a glimpse of him."

"I'll b-b-bet ten dollars that I'll g-g-g-et right up to him and t-t-talk to him, t-t-oo," stammered Barnes, greatly daring.

The bet was taken then and there, a committee was appointed to go to Boston with Barnes to see fair, and next morning he was piloted by its members to the city and up to the ropes which had been stretched to keep back the crowd. They could see the prince, but a squad of police prevented all outsiders from getting anywhere near him. Yet Mr. Barnes simply murmured:

"W-w-wait a minute." As he spoke the beautiful black horse which had been picked for the prince's riding was led up. He was very fresh—too fresh, as the sequel proved—but the grooms quieted him down well enough for the prince—then little more than a boy—to mount safely. But scarcely was he seated, when the horse began to plunge and rear very violently, so that the prince was unseated, landing on all fours on the turf. There was the wildest excitement on the part of the crowd nearest at hand, the police lost control—and Mr. Barnes' opportunity came. He dodged under the ropes and was the first to grab the bridle of the riderless horse.

The prince quickly rose and limped to the horse's head, while all circled round to learn if he were badly hurt. "Your horse is feeling p-p-pretty good to-day, p-p-prince," remarked Barnes, as the prince came up.

"A little too good," was the terse reply.

Still holding the bridle, Barnes turned to the "committee," who were craning over the ropes, watching the incident with an excitement that had driven all thought of the ridiculous wagger out of their heads.

"I guess I'll take that t-t-ten dollars now!" he shouted.

## A SATISFIED AMBITION.

One Man Whose Craving to Be a Circus Man Was Satisfied in Short Order.

"I haven't been to a circus for 40 years," declared the well-known business man, with a chuckle, according to the Detroit Free Press. "The fact is that I always feel like leaving town whenever I hear that one is coming, for fear that I might meet the man to whom I hired out as a circus hand in the days when I was young."

"I suppose there is a period in every boy's life when his only ambition is to belong to a circus. I know there was in mine, and I had it satisfied in the shortest time on record. A small show had pitched its tents on the village green in the little town where I lived, and I desired to adopt the profession right then and there. I applied to the boss for a job and was accepted on the spot as a razorback. What is a razorback? Well, he is a member of the loading gang. You unload in the morning and raise her back at night. I was simply appalled by the amount of work that came my way, followed by such profanity that I never hope to hear again. I was kept on the jump till midnight, when he had the outfit all loaded up, and I breathed a sigh of relief which quickly gave way to one of despair when the boss told me to drive the wagon that had the tents loaded on it. In those days the only means of traveling was by wagon."

"Say, mister," said I, timidly, "when do we sleep?"

"Sleep?" he roared; "we don't sleep here!"

"I felt that was a fact, as I knew we had an all night's ride ahead of us, with the weary work of unloading as soon as we did arrive. But, as far as I was concerned, tired nature gave out and I was sound asleep before we had gone a mile. I awoke just as day was breaking and found myself on a lonely country road and without the slightest idea where I was. From a country boy who chanced to come along I learned that the town I was supposed to be headed for was 30 miles away, and that I was getting further away from it every minute. When I realized my position my teeth commenced to chatter. But suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to me."

"Say," said I to the boy, "do you want a pass to the show?"

"You bet," said he.

"Well," said I, "drive this wagon to the town where the show is and I will see that you get in. One of our elephants has escaped and I have got to capture him."

"Then I made for home. I never heard what they did to that country boy when he arrived. I hope they didn't kill him."

## He Believes Her Mind.

Mrs. Isaac—I am surprised! I never expected to see you come home intoxicated!

Isaacs—Ra—hie—Rachel, don't say a word! I met a feller vot paid for dis change. I didn't—hie—gost me a cent!—Puck.

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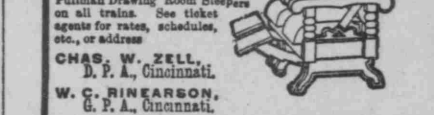
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Lv Winchester . 8:30am 6:30pm  
Lv Mt. Sterling . 8:45am 6:45pm  
Lv Washington . 9:00am 6:55pm  
Lv Philadelphia . 10:15am 7:50pm  
Lv New York . 12:00am 9:00pm

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Lv Winchester . 7:00am 4:00pm 6:25am 2:45pm  
Lv Lexington . 8:15am 5:15pm 6:45am 3:00pm  
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